

**SWORN
CIRCULATION**

LARGEST IN THE CITY.

**HERE
AND
THERE**

If you have friends visiting you, or if you are going away on a visit, please drop us a note to that effect.

Colonel C. B. Avey of Cincinnati was in the city Monday.

Miss Louise Shepard has returned home after a pleasant visit near Plumville.

Ex-Senator Charles B. Poyntz returned home Monday on the noon flyer.

Miss Nannie M. Cartmell has returned from Dallas, Texas, where she has been the past year.

Miss Mollie Laytham and Mr. John Laytham of Doneraul, Fayette county, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Perrine.

Mr. Mark Donovan has returned to his home at Winchester after a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Donovan.

Miss Anna W. Powell, one of Fleming's loveliest daughters, has returned to her home at Ewing after a delightful stay in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip S. Kemper and daughter of Cincinnati came up Monday on a visit to Mrs. Kemper's father, Colonel T. C. Campbell.

Miss Lyde Burgess is on a visit to relatives in Chicago. She was accompanied as far as Cincinnati by her father, Squire J. B. Burgess.

Mr. James H. Hall arrived home Monday from New Orleans. After spending a few days with his family, he will return to the Crescent City for the rest of the winter.

Very Personal.—Postage on drop letters, whether sealed or not, is 2 cents. Many persons send their notices through the Postoffice with only 1 cent stamp. These are "held for postage." Hereafter they must contain a 2 cent stamp.

Asa Barkley, drunk and disorderly, got \$10 and costs from Judge Wadsworth.

James Reno, d. and d., drew a 10-spot and costs from Judge Wadsworth's lottery.

Joe Maze, for being drunk and disorderly, was fined \$10 and costs in Judge Wadsworth's Court.

William McGranahan Slitz and others sold by Master Commissioner James N. Kehoe the Market street property to De Kalb and Ringgold Lodges, I. O. O. F., for \$5,950.

The failure some time ago of Captain B. J. Treacy, the well known Fayette county turfman, proves to be not as bad as was at first supposed. His liabilities are now said to be \$71,000, while his assets are placed at \$156,000.

Mrs. Shanks, the estimable wife of Contractor Shanks, died at her home in Aberdeen Monday night after a brief illness. She was about 38 years of age. The remains will be interred in Charter Oak Cemetery Wednesday. Her husband is the Contractor on the new Aberdeen and Manchester Turnpike, now under construction, and has the sympathy of the entire community in which they resided.

Lent.

At the Church of the Nativity services will be: Tomorrow, Ash Wednesday, at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. On Sunday, as usual, at 10:30 a. m. and 4 p. m.; the Holy Communion will be celebrated every Sunday at the 10:30 service. Service every week day at 4 p. m., except Friday, when it will be at 7. Everybody welcome.

INJURED AT CHARLESTON.

A Maysville Man Meets With An Accident in That City.

Mr. J. D. Muse of this city, traveling salesman for a large shoe house in Cincinnati, met with a serious accident that will lay him up several months.

While at Charleston, W. Va., yesterday there was a runaway, and Mr. Muse was unfortunate enough to be in the accident and get one of his legs broken.

He was taken to the hospital in that city, where the broken member was reset and everything done that was possible to make him rest comfortable.

His wife was notified of the accident. Mr. Muse is well liked in this city, where he has numerous friends and acquaintances who will regret to hear of the accident.

MAYSVILLE WEATHER.

What We May Expect For the Next Twenty-four Hours.

THE LEDGER'S WEATHER SIGNALS.

White streamer—FAIR:
Blue—RAIN or SNOW:
With Black ABOVE—TWO WARMER
GROW.
If Black's BENEATH—COLDER 'TILL
BE:
Unless Black's shown—no change
we'll see.

The above forecasts are made for a period of thirty-six hours, ending at 8 o'clock tomorrow evening.

We respectfully invite the comparison of THE LEDGER with any other daily newspaper in all Northeastern Kentucky. If any one can find a daily paper printed in the Ninth Congressional District that has

A Larger Circulation, or More Original Reading Matter, we will take pleasure in presenting him with a year's subscription to THE LEDGER. And this paper is furnished at same price as inferior ones.

Why suffer with the headache when Chenoweth's Headache Cure will relieve you?

Mrs. Burt Overley of Tilton died Friday and was buried Sunday at Flemingsburg. She was the wife of Mr. Burt Overley, a nephew of Mr. L. C. Overley of this city.

A telegram received Monday stated that Mr. Jim Ginn of Valley, Lewis county, was dead. He was a brother-in-law of Mr. J. F. Ryan of this. Mr. Ryan left Monday to attend the funeral.

Attention!

Survivors of the Sixteenth Kentucky V. V. Infantry, you are cordially invited to meet at Joseph Heiser Post Hall this evening at 7 p. m. Business of importance.

TWO "GOVERNORS."

Their Whereabouts a Mystery to Their Aberdeen Friends.

Two young men, "Governor" Jones and "Governor" Ennis,

Both of Aberdeen, Started out last Saturday morning to take a skiff ride.

They procured the skiff used by the mail carrier in transferring the mails from this city to Aberdeen.

After riding around the river front for some time, they thought it would be nice to take a little excursion up the river.

The towboat John W. Alles came steaming along with a large tow of empty barges.

She was going rather slow, which the boys took advantage of and rowed out and caught her.

Their friends saw them, but thought they were only going up the river a short distance and would return again.

But the Rotengen X rays has not been able up to date to discover them.

They are not extremely large, and anyone knowing of their whereabouts would confer a favor by sending the news to their parents at Aberdeen.

THE BENEFIT TONIGHT.

Washington Opera-house Should Be Crowded.



Tonight at the Opera-house occurs the concert and play, jointly given for the benefit of Washington Fire Company.

Nearly every seat has been sold, and the whole town will very likely be present.

The curtain rises at 8:15, so be in your seat by 8 p. m.

From start to finish the fun will be kept up, and the buttons on your coat should be loosed, so that your visibilities may have full play.

Tonight's program will verify the poem—

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you." Let everybody come and help the most worthy cause.

Tickets only 50 cents, reserved at Nelson's.

Lane & Worick have the contract for putting a steel ceiling on the Beehive.

John T. Carnahan has the contract for painting and frescoing Oddfellows Temple at \$1,000.

The Maysville Manufacturing Company resumed work yesterday after an idleness of two weeks.

The Rev. E. B. Cake will preach his farewell sermon at the Christian Church in this city next Sunday.

Mrs. E. C. Phister and Mrs. Thomas R. Phister were guests at a thimble party given by Mrs. John A. Murray at Manchester a few days ago.

Dr. John Henry, Cincinnati's hypnotist, and well-known in Maysville, died at the home of Mr. J. L. Thomas, near Bristol, Tenn., a few days since.

The Editor of THE LEDGER left at daylight Tuesday for Chicago to save the country some more. Any good things that appear in these columns during his absence must be attributed to Messrs. Hal. C. Curran and John B. Orr. If you see anything that doesn't please you, why just lay it on the absent Editor.

John Frank Robinson and Lizzie Belle Hutch, colored, were married in this city Saturday.

Lane & Worick have the contract for a frame cottage for Mrs. S. M. Massie at Washington.

Mr. Henry Smith of West Second street is very rich of heart trouble at the St. Charles Hotel.

A sale of the personal estate of Mason Moren, Sr., amounting to \$144 19, was filed in Court yesterday.

The celebration of Archbishop Elder's golden jubilee promises to be the grandest event in the Catholic history of Cincinnati.

The advertising columns of THE LEDGER speak for themselves. They show that people who know how to advertise know also WHERE to advertise.

Messrs. W. B. Schaeffer & Co., the new proprietors of the Maysville Steam Laundry, are experienced gentlemen, and they come to us with the highest recommendations. Mr. Schaeffer will be a citizen of Maysville, and it will be his aim to treat everybody right and thus make lasting friends.

Look it Over!



and see if you can find any other Local paper that gives as many columns of Reading Matter as The Ledger; and then see the list of Books we give free to subscribers, old and new. If you want the most for the money, this is the place to get it.

HORROR!

DEMON IN HUMAN FORM IS ROBT. LAUGHLIN.

Rape, Murder and Arson, and Bracken County the Scene of the Most Heinous Crime in the State's History.

Robert Laughlin murdered in cold blood his wife and niece, Mary Jones.

The uxoricide was committed that the fiend might have no witness to his diabolical desire to commit a crimeless offense upon his little twelve-year old niece, who was a visitor under his roof and the innocent visitor at his home.

Failing in his purpose, he, with the same instrument of death,—an iron poker—brained the girl with two blows, she falling upon the floor.

The villain then turned toward the hearth and with a common pocket knife attempted to take his own life, but failed because of a dull blade.

His courage then failed him, and he fled from the now bloody and horrible room to his sister's house one-half mile away to make the sham plea that burglars had attempted his life and he escaped.

Our special reporter visited the prisoner after his incarceration in our Jail for safe-keeping, and in this connection we print in full the confession of the accused as it fell from his lips.

Not until Saturday did the slightest suspicion fall on Laughlin, who is a man 38 years old, a son of most highly respected parents, one of seven children who was raised in Augusta, the place of his birth. Since arriving at man's estate, no one has borne a better reputation—sober, honest, industrious. It is hard indeed to understand how so much of the inhuman and brutish can be rolled up in the form of God's noblest work.

Sunday afternoon the Marshal of Augusta had reason to believe Laughlin knew more of the crime than he would tell, so putting on his investigation cap and a pump of inquisitiveness, he made bold to ferret the murder and to apprehend the murderer.

Toward evening the prisoner gave in, and his relation of the crime is harrowing, fiendish and without parallel.

Fearing mob violence as soon as his confession should become known the Marshal determined to secretly get out of Augusta and take refuge in the Maysville Jail.

To think was to act, and after a cir-

She Has Conquered



his admiration by the double charm of her beauty and jewels.

Beauty always wins an added grace from fine, artistic jewelry. Our stock is a magnificent presentation of Beauty's choicest weapons of conquest, which any fair possessor may employ with easy confidence of

certain success. In diamonds especially our stock is complete in rings, eardrops, pins, sunbursts studs in latest settings. Come in and see what we can show you.

J. BALLENGER, Maysville, Ky.

cultious route and after hours of hiding the Courier was hailed a few miles above Augusta Monday morning on her trip to Maysville and at 9 o'clock the prisoner was behind the bars and inclosed in the fortress of stone which is the bastille of Mason county.

A sigh of relief fell from the prisoner's lips as Jailer Johnson shut the iron door of Cell No 29 and made him fast.

The Maysville Jail is as fine a structure as can be found in the state. The interior is of steel plate, with bars for doors and partitions. The walls are of solid masonry three feet thick, which forms the sides and floors for this armor plate interior. The locks are of the improved hydraulic pressure style and require a knowledge to manipulate them. It stands a formidable foe to any attack, withstanding battering-rams, beams or any missiles which undisciplined forces may attempt to use.

Jailer Johnson is a man to have in charge at this time.

Rumors are flying thick and fast of squads of men determined to wreak vengeance upon the slayer of these two women.

Jailer Johnson will not sacrifice the life of any man in his custody. He has sworn to obey the law governing his office, and he can be counted on to do it, come what may.

However, we are not of the opinion that the good citizens of Bracken county will take the law in their hands.

The prisoner is now in custody, the crime he has acknowledged, the Court will soon be in session, and justice will fly upon wings of retribution, meting out to this inhuman wretch the full penalty of his heinous crimes.

Let peace and order rule and let not another stain fall upon our beloved state.

THE CONFESSION.

The confession as told to our reporter was made in the presence of the Jail Turnkey and County Attorney Adair.

The sentences fell from Laughlin's lips with no braggadocio style nor any show of bravado; rather through sobs and chokes many times did he speak. He spoke in a slow manner and with well modulated will, tremors causing impediments which softened and vibrated as the troubled sea heaves and sighs when the angry winds sweep over.

In stature Laughlin is a man 5 feet 11 inches, weight about 150 pounds, with an unsteady step occasioned by the manner of life and mode of living: a slight mustache of a reddish brown covers his upper lip, while his eyes betoken not an overabundance of intelligence; yet from his language and his countenance one would judge him as belonging to the ordinary type of men of his cast; a face not near so sensual; the shape of his head does not show any enlarged bumps of passion, lust or depravity, rather the opposite, as his conduct in life up to this act fully testifies. We give these observations not to palliate nor excuse, but as obstacles which are now preventing the real explanation to this awful deed of murder, attempted rape and arson.

It out-Jacksons Jackson and puts a pale cast upon the Fort Thomas tragedy which shall sink it into the annals of the past much quicker than would otherwise have been.

Laughlin said: Friday morning, the 14th, I got up between 3 and 4 o'clock. I built a fire and put my pants on. I then went from the fire to awaken my wife so she could get up and watch the fire, as it was poppy wood. I was going to the kitchen to build a fire for getting breakfast. When I got to the bedroom door I just whirled on my feet and got the poker and went straight to her (my wife) and killed her—hit her once in the temple and mashed her skull. The little girl was in the same bed, and, awakened

by my hitting my wife, she jumped over the foot of the bed. I shoved her onto the lounge, the bed upon which I slept, and tried to rape her, but failed. I got out of bed and she raised up and I hit her two licks with the same poker I killed my wife with. The poker was lying upon the floor near the bed. I hit her in the head. I walked to the fireplace, pulled my knife out, opened the big blade and layed it on the mantel. I pulled my trousers off, and in so doing the left leg fell into the grate and caught fire. I threw them over my head, and in so doing the flames scorched my face. I then grabbed my knife and drew it across my throat, but it was too dull to kill. I then ran out the front door and down the pike as hard as I could to my sister's, Mrs. A. F. McCracken, about one-half mile away. I had on no shoes. I had on no pants, but my underwear. This was about 4 o'clock, but my sister told me it was fifteen minutes to 4. My sister's child ran out in the yard and soon returned, exclaiming:—"Uncle Bob, your house is on fire!" As soon as I could get a pair of pants, a coat and a pair of over-shoes I went back, to find my home burned to the ground and the victims of my awful deed charred stumps. I have killed my best friends, and God knows it. My wife was asleep when I hit her. She never moved. I did not set fire to the house, but when I threw my breeches over my head, about which I told you before, they may have hit the large lamp which holds a quart of oil, standing upon a rickety stand in the corner, and knocked the whole thing over. I ran out as soon as I made the attempt to cut my throat.

"STRONG" RESEMBLANCE.

A Kentuckian Who Was Very Much Like Daniel Webster.

Chauncey Depew is telling another good story, this time a Kentucky politician at Washington footing the bill.

The gentleman referred to was exceedingly anxious to pose as a man of wonderful political ability and take rank with all the famous statesmen who had departed this life in a blaze of glory.

His special favorite was Daniel Webster, and a long course of gazing at himself in the glass had caused him to think that the resemblance between himself and Daniel was most striking.

One day he sat in a chair at the barber-shop, while the knight of the razor who operated upon his face entertained him with accounts of the famous men he had shaved when he was young.

"I," remarked the Kentuckian in a loud and impressive tone, "am said to bear a strong likeness to Daniel Webster."

"Yes, sah, dat's so," retorted the barber as he dexterously scraped on the boiler plated jaw, "you favors Mister Webster strong, sah, you do."

"Ah!" remarked the statesman, "I suppose it is about the forehead or eyes?"

"No," retorted the barber, gravely, "you 'seembles him in de brest."

The Kentucky man is now looking through the catalogue of statesmen for somebody else to resemble, and has turned Daniel's picture with its face towards the wall.

Georgia farmers are fearful for the peach crop. The recent warm weather swelled the buds of the trees, and some are almost about to bloom. A frost would destroy the buds and ruin the prospects of a good crop.

Three Away His Canes.

Mr. D. Wiley, ex Postmaster, Black Creek, N. Y., was so badly afflicted with rheumatism that he was only able to hobble around with canes, and even then it caused him great pain. After using Chamberlain's Pain Balm he was so much improved that he threw away his canes. He says this liniment did him more good than all other medicines and treatment put together. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by J. James Wood, Druggist.

Maysville...

...Steam...

...Laundry

and BATH ROOMS.

New Management.

No Acids Used.

Satisfaction guaranteed. All work called for and delivered. Hot and Cold Baths. Agents wanted.

W. B. SCHAEFFER & CO.
Proprietors.